

Sorry's easily said, unless you're 2 or 3.

It trips easily off the tongue, like "I'm fine" - when you're actually anything but.

How very British, like the Queen, the spontaneous, thoughtless apology.

Sorry for trying to enter the room via the same door at the same time;  
Sorry that *my* foot was in the way of *your* wayward shopping trolley;  
Sorry for not living up to your entirely unfair and unrealistic expectations;  
Sorry for daring to even breathe!

Funny really - or not - that such an overused, misused, incidental little word ought to carry such weight.

Can we allow God to chip away with his master chisel at our calcified hearts?

Simply sorry God.

Sorry for not when I should have.

Sorry for doing when I shouldn't.

God's forgiveness brings peace.

Peace like breathing out when you've held your breath for too long.

Peace like rain on parched almost-withered crops.

Peace like the best night's sleep after broken, fretful rest.

Peace that only the crucified and three day's risen son of God can bring.

Ask for it; drink it in; believe it; live in it.

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